A SHORT

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

Mr. Chriſtopher Peacock;

ADDRESSED TO THE

METHODIST SOCIETY,

In DUBLIN.

By Mr. JAMES ROGERS.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. Pſ. xxxvii. 37.

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Mr. Chriſtopher Peacock.

MR. CHRISTOPHER PEACOCK was born in the year 1753. in Swaledale, a place in the North Riding of Yorkſhire. But being in his diſpoſition naturally timid and reſerved none knew his real worth, ſave thoſe who were intimately acquainted with him. Divine Providence, however, threw it in my way to have as long and familiar a knowledge of him, as perhaps any one; for which I am thankful.

By what I learned from himſelf, he had frequently deep convictions for ſin, from a child; and would often wiſh for ſome one to point him out relief, for his burthened mind.

About the year 1773, the Methodiſt Preachers began to call ſinners to repentance at a ſmall diſtance from his father's houſe; but hearing many reports concerning this *new ſect* (as ſtrange as groundleſs,) his mind was deeply prejudiced, ſo that he would not go near them.

In the year following, Mr. Duncan Wright and I were ſtationed on the Thirſk circuit, of which

Swaledale was a part: it pleaſed God that year to ſucced his word: it ran and was glorified in the awakening, and converſation of numbers in thoſe parts, which cauſed a great ſtir in the neighbourhood where he lived; and ſeveral of his old companions, being alſo turned from the error of their ways, and filled with zeal for God, and the ſalvation of ſouls) would frequently ſolicit him to go with them and hear preaching. It was ſome time before they could prevail; but during the Chriſtmas-hollidays, he and ſome others formed a reſolution to go and hear (at leaſt for once) what theſe men had to ſay, whom the people talked ſo much about. They did ſo. It was my turn to preach; and I being the firſt day of the new year, I choſe that paſſage for my ſubject in the 13th of Luke, *Lord, let it alone this year alſo, till I ſhall dig about it and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that, thou ſhalt cut it down.*" The word was accompanied with the convincing power of God to his heart. He felt himſelf that ſpared ſinner; and was affected in an uncommon manner. From that hour he broke off from all his ungodly companions, and ſoon joined the Society. His convictions were now ſuch that he could never reſt, till it pleaſed the Lord clearly to manifeſt his pardoning love to his ſoul; which he did in a few weeks. As his ſorrow for ſin was great, the change he now experienced was the more conſpicuous, both to himſelf and others. *Being juſtified freely, through the redemption that is in Chriſt Jeſus, he rejoiced with joy unſpeakable and*

full of glory. The constant language of [illegible] was truly expressed in these lines of [illegible], [as our

Oh! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.'

His attachment to the means of grace was now such, that with some others, (converted about the same time,) he would travel many miles, in the depth of winter, and on the darkest nights; over dreary mountains, and through lonely dales, to hear preaching, because they could have it no oftener than once a fortnight near home. I have frequently heard him speak (and especially of late) with singular pleasure of those times saying how happy he was when returning from such and such places, at near midnight, singing hymns most of the way home; while the opposite valleys echoed with their voices.

Too many have I seen, who after their first love, and those peculiar ecstacies, (so common to souls newly converted) have suffered the holy flame to decrease, if not die away. But it was far otherwise with him. He drew not back; but daily advanced in grace; continuing to believe, and press forward to the full, yea, final salvation of his soul.

As is was soon manifested that he possessed tolerable abilities, his neighbours and acquaintance

ſolicit him to act in a more public line: exhort, &c but he had ſo mean an opinion ſelf, joined with his natural backwardneſs midity, that he was not eaſily prevailed upon was followed however from time to time with ſecret impreſſions, that he was called to the work; and with ſtrong fears, leaſt in refuſing, he ſhould be found to fight againſt God. His love alſo for the ſouls of poor periſhing ſinners began to abound more and more, and was as a fire in his bones, that at laſt conſtrained him to make a trial. He did ſo firſt at a little village in the neighbourhood; and the Lord opened his mouth to the edification and comfort of the people, as well as encouragement of his own ſoul; ſo that he was prevailed upon to make a ſecond trial. Soon after, he had invitations to different places round about. This was about two years after I had left the circuit.

On my way from Edinburgh to Cornwall-Eaſt, I called at a place about twelve miles from his father's houſe; and being informed of his uſefulneſs, I ſent him word to meet me there. He came; and before we parted, I was fully perſuaded he was called of God to preach the goſpel; and encouraged him all in my power. I received many pleaſing accounts of him afterwards; and eſpecially of his great uſefulneſs as a local preacher.

At the Leeds Conference, in the year 1781, I ſpoke to Mr. Watkins, aſſiſtant of the circuit where Mr. Peacock reſided; and we jointly agreed

to propose him as a candidate for a travelling preacher. Mr. Wesley admitted him upon trial, [as our manner is) for the first year, and appointed him for Scarborough circuit; where he laboured with success, and gained a good report of all the people.

The next year, viz. 1782, he laboured with me on the Macclesfield circuit. Here I was an eye witness of the good done under his ministry. We had several keen trials that year, occasioned chiefly by some necessary alterations made in the circuit: but we had many blessings. The preachers were happy in their souls, and united in heart, and the work of God prospered in our hands; so that many were added, which I trust will eternally be saved.

In the year 1783, he was sent to the Yarm circuit; (in the north of Yorkshire) here it pleased God more than ever to honour his servant by crowning his labours with success. He was greatly beloved by all the people; and the principal persons on the circuit, interested themselves, and wrote to Mr. Wesley to have him continued another year among them. It might have been granted, but Dr. Coke returning just then from Ireland, mentioned Cork as being much in want of a faithful, steady assistant. I was myself appointed for Dublin, and being sensible of his real worth, the more readily proposed him for the station; rejoiced at the thought of having such a companion to Ireland. He was judged by Con-

ference, a proper perſon to fill that place, and accordingly appointed.

We ſailed in three weeks, and arrived ſafe at Dublin, 31ſt Auguſt, 1784. It had pleaſed God the preceeding year, greatly to bleſs the Cork circuit, while under the care of thoſe faithful ſervants of Jesus, Mr. Henery Moore, and Mr. Andrew Blair. And it contributed greatly to the furtherance of the work of God, that they were followed by thoſe who determinately enforced the ſame plan, both of doctrine and diſcipline. He laboured among that worthy people defatigably, till laſt Conference; nor were his labours in vain in the Lord: near one hundred being added to their number, and many ſavingly converted. The old believers alſo were much ſtirred up to ſeek that invaluable bleſſing, holineſs of heart. His continuance there was ardently ſolicited; and it was an afflictive providence to hundreds upon that circuit, that he was ſo ſoon removed from them.

As to his manner of life; how grave and ſpiritual both in deportment and converſation he had been, while it pleaſed God to favour this city with a ſhare in his faithful labours; ye are witneſſes. Many of you have cauſe to bleſs God *you* ever ſaw his face. Numbers, to my knowledge, have returned public thanks to the Lord for a ſenſe of pardoning love, and others ſanctifying grace under his preaching and prayers. Nor was he in any wiſe puffed up by this; it tended rather to humble his ſoul before God, to whom he gave all the

glory. Yet did he truly rejoice on this account, in the Rock of his and their ſalvation; nor was there a place he ever laboured in where he found equal ſatisfaction, to that he hath expreſſed ſince he came to Dublin. Hundreds of you can teſtify this! Witneſs his own declaration at the two laſt Love feaſts he attended, eſpecially our covenant night, when he ſhunned not to tell you his whole heart; particularly, the time and manner of his converſion, twelve years from that very day. He continued to ſpeak till (as you know) tears prevented his proceeding farther. And can you ever forget his prayers and cries to God for you all on that moſt ſolemn occaſion; as well as for his abſent relation, who ever lay near his heart. God grant you, all of you; but eſpecially his children in the goſpel, may live as he lived here below, be faithful unto death, and at laſt preſented by him at God's right hand *perfect in Chriſt Jeſus*. This is the leaſt, and only return you can make him, even labouring to be found through the grace of God, as ſo many added jewels, to remain in his crown of joy and rejoicing for ever and ever.

Many of you well remember the laſt Sabbath night he ever preached in this City, with what energy and ſolemnity he declared the whole counſel of God, from theſe remarkable words in the 33d of Ezk. and 5th verſe, *He heard the ſound of the trumpet, and took not warning, his blood ſhall be upon him: but he that taketh warning ſhall deliver his ſoul.* Ye are witneſſes how on that occaſion (as

if he knew it was the last) he deliver his own soul; for that he might appeal to God and you, and say, I am clear of the blood of this congregation. One was clearly and freely justified, and another renewed in love under that sermon; and all that evening he was peculiarly filled with God.

After sermon he sat with my wife half an hour before I returned from Gravel-Walk; and spoke freely of his present happiness in the Lord, and his past experience; especially of the blessings he received when labouring with me in the Macclesfield circuit, where he obtained a clear sense of the pure love of God, and openly professed that blessing. Nor did he ever lose it to my knowlege, but told us that he had experienced more settled peace and confidence, and a more constant full assurance of faith and love since he came to Dublin, than ever before; and felt more sweetness in all his labours for God, and precious souls.

With respect to his general Character.

As a Friend: he was truly affectionate, sincere and constant; and would spare no pains to serve any one he believed worthy.

II. As a Christian: he might be justly said to have learned of his Lord and Master, *to be meek and lowly in heart*. He was strictly modest. A man of few words; yet in general, chearful. Always affable and sweet in his temper, patient and long suffering toward all men. He lived daily in

the ſpirit of prayer, and longed for nothing ſo much as ſtill greater conformity to the will of his God. He took ſingular pleaſure in ſinging the praiſes of the Lord, eſpecially when he met with words applicable to the feelings of his own heart. I know no verſes he took ſo much delight in, as the following, viz.

1 The bleſſed Jeſus is my Lord, my Love,
He is my King, from him I would not move
Away then all ye objects that divert,
Nor ſeek to draw, from my dear Lord my heart.

2 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My raviſh'd heart, hath all your glory ſtain'd;
His lovelineſs, my ſoul hath poſſeſt,
And left no room for any other gueſt.

This, I verrily believe was the real language of his ſoul, eſpecially ſome time before his death; and during ſeveral months, it is a truth, not a day paſſed but he repeated them. He believed religion to be alſo an active as well as an inward principle: hence when abſent from his cloſet, he was commonly going about doing good; viſiting and ſympathiſing with *the fatherleſs and widows in their affliction*; as well as labouring to *keep himſelf unſpotted from the world*.

III. As a Member of the Methodiſt Society he cordially approved of our whole plan of diſcipline and laboured from the day he caſt in his lot with us, to keep every rule as laid down by the Rev. Mr. Weſley: this he did *not for wrath, but for*

conſcience ſake; particularly that of abiding by the eſtabliſhed church. And ſo deſirous was he for all our people to continue herein, that (partly from inclination, and partly through fear of influencing others by his example) he could hardly be perſuaded to enter the doors of a Diſſenting Meetinghouſe. Some may be ready to impute this to narrowneſs of ſpirit, want of charity, and what not; but his friends know it was otherwiſe, that he loved all *who loved our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity*, whether deſerters or others: nevertheleſs, from motives of real chriſtian prudence, he believed it his duty thus to act.

IV. As a Preacher of the goſpel: he was ſound and ſcriptural in his principles and doctrines. His every ſermon was calculated to diſcover

"The native wretchedneſs of Adam's race,
"The all-ſufficiency of Jeſu's love!"

Enforcing conſtantly, repentance towards God, juſtification by faith, and entire ſanctification, or holineſs both of heart and life, as abſolute neceſſary, previous to the ſtroke of death.

As the Servant of Chriſt and his Church: he was indefatigable in his labours, and ever ready to fulfil the meaneſt office of his ſtation. Nothing lay ſo near his heart as the cauſe of God, and the good of ſouls. No difficulties could hinder him from endeavouring to promote the intreſts thereof. Witneſs his two laſt journies into the coun-

try, which were chiefly by his own choice. For being informed of numbers of poor careleſs ſinners, periſhing for lack of knowledge, and a door being now open to receive God's meſſengers, he reſolved to viſit them; but the weather proving uncommonly tempeſtuous and wet, with other inconveniences, laid the foundation of the diſorder of which he died.

His word being remarkably bleſſed to the people the firſt viſit, a preſſing invitation was ſent for him to go a ſecond time. A ſlow nervous fever was even then upon him, yet he would not utter the leaſt complaint; ſo that his real indiſpoſition was hid from us, and he went again in the name of his Lord and Maſter, whoſe gracious power aſſiſted him to go through his labour and return. He was, however, ſtill unwilling to complain, but ſpoke to the phyſician in private, (whom he afterwards choſe to attend him) hoping to get relief, ſo as to be able to continue his labour of love. But, oh! no; God, who ſeeth not as man ſeeth, had otherwiſe determined. The doctor faithfully attended; and every medecine judged neceſſary, was prepared and taken; but in ſpite of all, the diſeaſe gradually prevailed. when real danger appeared, two other phyſicians were called, who alſo faithfully attended early and late; and intreſted themſelves in his life, as if he had been a near relation of their own. But when death has got his commiſſion to ſtrike the fatal blow, vain is the help of man!

His nerves being much affected, and his animal

ſpirits conſequently depreſſed with a weight of affliction, rendered it difficult for him to converſe at all during his illneſs. What he did ſay, he wiſhed to be upon ſpiritual things; eſpecially the ſtate of his own ſoul. it was matter of unſpeakable comfort to us, that from the firſt day he took his room to the moment his happy ſpirit returned to God, he never expreſſed the leaſt ſhadow of doubt or fear; but, on the contrary, profeſſed ſtrong confidence in the Lord.

About thirty hours before he died, I found peculiar ſatisfaction in ſpeaking to him about his viſibly approaching diſſolution: he then teſtified of the heart-felt preſence, and preciouſneſs of Chriſt, with a perfect deliverance from the leaſt remains of the fear of death; and a full aſſurance that all would be well.

To have the uſe of ſpeech, and a flow of ſpirits, ſo as to expreſs ourſelves fluently, and with eaſy on a death bed, is deſirable; but a life devoted to God as his was, for many years paſt would not leave the ſmalleſt room to doubt of his ſafety, ſuppoſing he had never had it in his power to anſwer one queſtion of the kind. A wicked prophet may (without effect) deſire to die the death of the righteous, and wiſh for a latter end like his. But the man who lives a life of righteouſneſs, muſt aſſuredly will die his death; whether he has power, and opportunity to declare it or not, in his lateſt moments. He is faithful that has promiſed, *I will never leave thee, nor forſake thee. Lo I am with*

you always, even unto the end: and ſo our dear friend found it to be. It was matter of great comfort that he had the perfect uſe of his reaſon to the laſt moment. Twelve hours before he departed (though he could then ſpeak very little) his ſpirit remained in a ſweet compoſure. When I took my leave of him for the night, being then near midnight he fixed his eyes ſo intenſely upon me, that his nurſe begged I would ſpeak to him; I did ſo; he attempted, but could make no reply. Offering to go away a ſecond time, he looked ſo wiſhfully, that I returned again; but he ſpoke no more. I took it as his laſt farewell, I believe he meant it ſo, and ſo it was. He continued labouring under a tremendous load of affliction, which he ſupported with invincible patience till five o'Clock the next morning, then bathed in a cold ſweat from head to foot, and quite ſpent and worn out with fatigue, it pleaſed his dear Lord to give the ſignal diſmiſſion: when after a ſhort, but ſharp ſtruggle of a few minutes, he dropped mortality, and ſoared away, the 15th of February, 1786.

Thy judgments, O Lord, are a great deepth! how is it, that a man ſhould be taken away in the prime of life, aged but thirty-three, and in the very midſt of his uſefulneſs? we are ſhort ſighted, and therefore, had beſt ſuſpend our judgment. *He giveth no account of ſuch matters*, at leaſt for the preſent: but let it ſuffice us *that the Lord hath done it*, and he hath ſo far indulged us already, as to ſay, *what thou knoweſt not now, thou ſhalt know hereafter*

Now no longer an inhabitant of our wretched world, or ſubject any more to its ſorrows or ſnares! He is gone to reap eternal joys, to baſk for ever in the ſmiles of his Lord. But can we think he has quite forgot his friends and fellow travellers below? Did a *Dives* in miſery care for his brethren, and wiſh them to eſcape the place of torment? and can we believe our brother in the boſom of Jeſus, has no concern for his brethren, for us? ah no! methinks even now

"He looks from the ſkies,
"He ſhews us the prize,
"And gives us a ſign,
"That we ſhall o'ercome by the mercy divine.
"Follow after he cries,
"As he mounts to the ſkies,
"Follow after your friend,
"To the bliſsful enjoyments that never ſhall end."

But though we are ſure death to him eternal gain, we are at the ſame time ſenſible our loſs is inexpreſſibly great! You being deprived ſo ſuddenly, and unexpectedly, of ſo faithful a miniſter; and I of ſo an affectionate, and every way agreeable fellow labourer; conſcious of my inſufficiency to fill my own place properly, much leſs that of another added to it; I have no reſource, but to entreat your prayers to God for me, in this time of ſore trial! It is he alone can give the help I need. I know you do ſympathize with me, and am truly thankful for your love. Continue to remember me at the throne of grace: it is the on-

by favour I aſk, or deſire. Nor am I capable of a better wiſh for you, or myſelf, than that we may through every viciſſitude of this changing life, acquit ourſelves as well as our dearly beloved brother did and at laſt, having fought the ſame *good fight of faith*, we may receive as honourable a diſcharge from the *Captain of our ſalvation*, and as happy a tranſition, from all the fatigues and dangers in the church militant, to thoſe ineffable joys which await us in the church triumphant. Amen, Amen.

[From Mr. *Merryweather*, a principal perſon, and Steward in the *Yarm* Circuit, to Mr. *Oſtler*, in *Thirſk*.]

I WAS much affected by your account of good Chriſtopher Peacock's death. From what knowledge I had of him, I can ſay, he was a very modeſt, chaſte, well behaved, ſelf-denying, pious devoted and laborious man; whoſe heart appeared to be always in heaven. He was univerſally beloved by all ſerious people, and that moſt juſtly; for I am perſuaded no flaw was found in his character. I am the more free to ſay this much of him, becauſe he lodged at my houſe the whole year he was at yarm. In a word he was all that in a chriſtian is amiable and good.—May we follow him as he followed Chriſt.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS from some of his Letters.

[To his Brother.]

Dear Brother, Hull, July 2d. 1782.

MAY grace, love, joy, and peace, be the portion of all you, my dear friends in life, and heaven your inheritance for ever.

Mr. Wesley has removed me from Scarbrough, to the Hull circuit. However I have the pleasure to inform you, I am very happy in the love of God, resigned to his will and determined to spend my time in preaching the gospel. it is my great delight to call sinners to repentance. While I see them weep, I join the angels in rejoicing over a sinner that repenteth. And when a soul is born again I remembred the difficulties attending an itinerant life no more, for the joy arising from another brand being plucked out of the fire. I can say also with the apostle, *I have no greater joy then to hear that my children walk in the truth.* it appeared a great trial to leave the people I so dearly loved, but God intended it for good; I am resigned to his will; and my language is

"Howe'er thou dealeft, Lord, with me,
"Ah stop the murm'ring groan;
"And let my only answer be.
"Father, thy will be done."

C. P.

[To the ſame.]

Dear Brother, Ripon, July 2d 1784

I AM appoint d for Cork. I intend coming by Barnard Caſtle to ſee my ſiſter, and ſhall be in Swaledale, on Saturday and Sunday the 8th and 9th Inſt. and at Reeth on Sabbath night.—Shall ſet off for Ireland on Monday.—Be ſo kind to let my friends know of my coming up the Dale, as (perhaps) it may be the laſt time we can have a meeting on earth. I am well in body, and happy in ſoul, and

remain your affectionate Brother,

C. P.

[To the ſame.]

Dublin, Dec. 8th, 1785.

Dear Brother and Friends,

I AM glad to hear of your health, the greateſt of *all* earthly bleſſings; but more ſo, to hear of the happineſs of your ſouls; and that *you*, my dear brother, do a little for God. It affected me much to find you viſited *my* old congregation, as alſo that you naturally care *for me*, eſpecially at the throne of grace. I am thankful to hear that my dear parents are well, and all the children. They cannot conceive what I feel for them of natural affection, as a ſon, a brother; much leſs what as a chriſtian, and a preacher, I feel for their ſouls. God is my witneſs, and his people too, how much I long for your happineſs; for my full heart, often in public, as

well as in private, overflows with prayer, and mine eyes with tears.

I am thankful with reſpect to A— T— that ſhe is ſo happy. O Lord, keep her, and let her be a ſtar in my crown.

With reſpect to myſelf, I bleſs God, I am well in body, and as to my ſoul, I have great reaſon to praiſe him for his unſpeakable kindneſs. He is ſhowering his bleſſings down upon me daily. I enjoy ſweet union with *Him*, an open intercourſe for prayer, a grateful heart much pleaſure in ſinging his praiſe, and in general, my tongue is looſed in preaching, and enforcing divine truths upon the people I know nothing that ſhares my heart with God. I am determined through grace, to wear out my life in the ſervice of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, and in following after his lambs and ſheep. I wonder daily that God and his people bear ſo with me. O pray for me, that I may be kept in every trying hour, and remain happy and uſeful unto death! "LORD HELP ME."

You and my parents lie near my heart. While I think of you and am now writing, my heart fills, and my eyes overflows. O! may God ſupply *all* your wants, and enrich you with his Spirit to *do* and *be* all that is righteous in his ſight. That if I NEVER ſee you here, I may meet you with joy in his kingdom of glory.

C. B.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF

Mr. Chriſtopher Peacock,

WHO DIED IN DUBLIN, 15th FEB. 1786.

YOUR prophet' gone! ye juſtly may bewail
Your loſs you ſcatter'd hamlets of the DALE;
Oft have ye heard him preach, and ſeen him ſhed
The tear of pity, o'er the guilty head.
To concience wounded, he the balm apply'd;
Behold the Lamb of God!---the herald cry'd,
And freely prove it was for you he dy'd.

Nor ceaſed he thro' cities to proclaim,
The healing wonders, wrought by Jeſu's name!
Extracting the rich balm from numerous ſprings
Of ſacred ſhade, that veil'd theſe precious things.
Firm and unſhaken--nobly did he ſtand,
Th' inveneom'd tongue and perſecuting hand;
Embracing all the race of human kind,
His pray'rs ſo fervent, and ſo unconfin'd!
He agoniz'd with God, in faith's ſtrong pow'r;
Longing to ſee religion proſper o'er
The wide extended world, from pole to pole;
So univerſal his capacious ſoull

He ſaw with joy, the pow'rs of hell give way,
The ſhadows fly before a goſpel day;
He ſaw ſucceſs the pow'rful word attend,
And thouſands flocking to the ſinner's Friend.
And as conviction ſeiz'd the giddy throng,
He ſaw them catch the promiſe from his tongue:
Spring into life, thro' Jeſu's ſaving name,
And all the wonders of his love proclaim!

But, Oh, ye daughters of Jeruſalem,
Prepare the tear, and let it fall for him,
For him who with a faithful ſhepherd's care,
Watch'd o'er your ſouls, and bore them up by pray'r
Who us'd to take the feeble by the hand,
To lead them gently to promis'd land
And when preſs'd down with conflicts thro' the day,
Raiſ'd up their heads, and wip'd their tears away.

But, see, alas! this active herald, now
Beneath the burden of his labours bow,
Yet his great soul reluctant quits the field,
And only death itself could make him yield.

The tongue so us'd to glorify his God,
It's trembling accents now, scarce understood;
The hands, stretch'd out the needy to supply,
Their office have forgot and dormant lie:
The chearful feet, now carry him no more
To tread the courts of him he did adore,
To help distress in hospitals and jails;
Death flings his dart and over all prevails.

But fever seiz'd—soon did his mortal frame
Bear little of the living but the name;
His manly person sunk by swift decay,
While resignation sweetly pav'd the way;
Then born aloft on angel's golden wings,
He gain'd the skies, and views the King of kings.

Hail, happy spirit! in the realms of light,
Who nobly fought and won the well-fought fight,
Thy war's accomplish'd, and thy struggle's o'er,
And toil and pain shall ne'er afflict thee more.

And is dear PEACOCK gone? (O glorious end!)
Our faithful pastor, brother, father friend;
Who taught us how to bear affliction's rod,
Whose life and death point out the way to God
Earth keep thy charge until that joyful day,
Th' archangel's trump re-animates his clay;
Then shall he rise, all glorious and divine,
And like the radient orbs for ever shine.

EPITAPH.

He being dead yet speaketh. HEB. xi. 4.

WHAT says the happy dead?
He bids me bear my load,
With silent steps proceed,
And follow him to God;
'Till life's uneasy dream
In rapture shall depart,
He bids me give, like him,
To Christ my bleeding heart.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

HE's gone! gone the ſpotleſs ſoul is gone,
Triumphant to his place above;
The priſon walls are broken down,
The angels ſpeed his ſwift remove,
And ſhouting on their wings he flies,
And Peacock reſts in paradiſe.

2 Thro' the laſt drerdful conflict brought,
Which ſhook ſo ſore his dying breaſt,
Far happier for that bitter draught,
With more tranſcendant raptures bleſt,
He finds for every patient groan,
A jewel added to his crown.

3 Sav'd by the merit of his Lord,
Salvations praiſe to Chriſt he gives,
Yet ſtill his merciful reward
According to his work receives,
And with the ſeed he ſow'd below,
His bliſs eternally ſhall grow:

4 Redeem'd by righteous divine,
In God's own portrait compleat
With brighter rays ordain'd to ſhine,
He caſts his crown at Jeſu's feet,
And hails him ſitting on a throne
For ever ſav'd by grace alone:

5 Father, to us vouchſafe the grace
Which brought our friend victorious thro'
Let us his ſhining footſteps trace,
Let us his ſtedfaſt faith purſue,
Follow this follower of the Lamb,
And conquer all, thro' Jeſu's name.

HYMN.

AGAIN we lift our voice,
And ſhout our ſolemn joys!
Cauſe of higheſt rapture this,
Raptures that ſhall never fail;
See a ſoul eſcap'd to bliſs,
Keep the chriſtian feſtival.

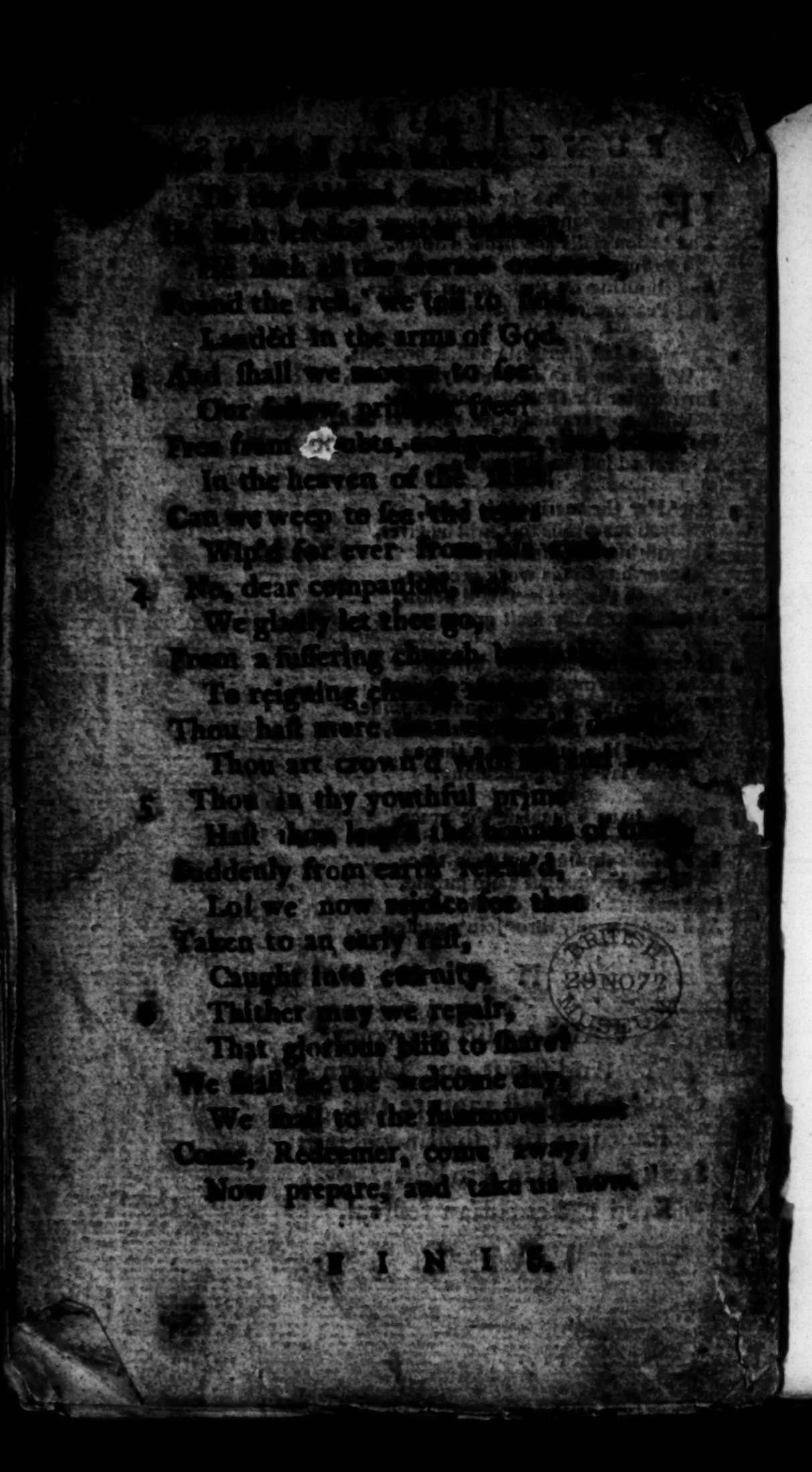
2 Our friend is gone before,
To the celeſtial ſhore!
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the ſtorms out-rode,
Found the reſt, we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.

3 And ſhall we mourn to ſee
Our fellow priſoner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,
In the heaven of the ſkies!
Can we weep to ſee the tears
Wip'd for ever from his eyes.

4 No, dear companion, no!
We gladly let thee go,
From a ſuffering church beneath,
To reigning church above:
Thou haſt more than conquer'd death;
Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou in thy youthful prime
Haſt thou leap'd the bounds of time;
Suddenly from earth releas'd,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee
Taken to an early reſt,
Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliſs to ſhare!
We ſhall ſee the welcome day,
We ſhall to the ſummons bow:
Come, Redeemer, come away,
Now prepare, and take us now.

FINIS.

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